Monksdene Hotel
2/8 Northwick Park Road
Harrow, Middlesex.

Har. 2899
—Thats the phone no. of the House. I like, eater, if I stay to get a phone in my room, as it's cheap & pretty on to the phone. as it was in Northwick Lane.

Monday, April 27th, 1964

My Dearest Rene,

It was with a genuine Deo gratias that I read Jan's letter, which has just arrived, for it so chanced that only yesterday, Sunday, Walter S. came to see me (while staying in London for two days on his way back to Italy) and alarmed me greatly by the news of your ~~boating~~ boat having run into trouble & though he assured me that you & Robin had been picked up by ~~[illegible]~~ the Baltycottin life-boat, I feared that either yourself or Robin or both might have suffered some great harm by ~~the~~ being in peril in the salt sea.

Walter had no details, he himself, heard only by accident in some one the knows at Canterbury who has somehow heard of the accident. I am therefore thankful that, from Jan's letter, you sound alright. Curiously enough, in the way he does, I thought. I wonder if he lost his glasses!! For I know how helpless I should be now if I lost my reading glasses. It does not matter however many spare ones one has one can never find the bloody things. But, more seriously, I truly was very worried. Some months back, when you hinted to me that Jan was getting a little boat, I thought, Gosh, I do hope they can navigate it safely, for I seem to recall that those seas off the South-east coast of Ireland are a bit treacherous & difficult — but I may be wrong about that. Anyway, for

The statue of St Dominic has had to go to the Brit. Mus. to be put in a gas-chamber, as it has wood-worm in it. I noticed the little holes but thought they were inactive, but to be on the safe side I sent it to the BM. A they have the active, so it's as well. They are ghastly things

heavens' sake don't take further risks before I am know the conditions. It must have been a bloody nasty experience. Get some advice from dear Mick R.

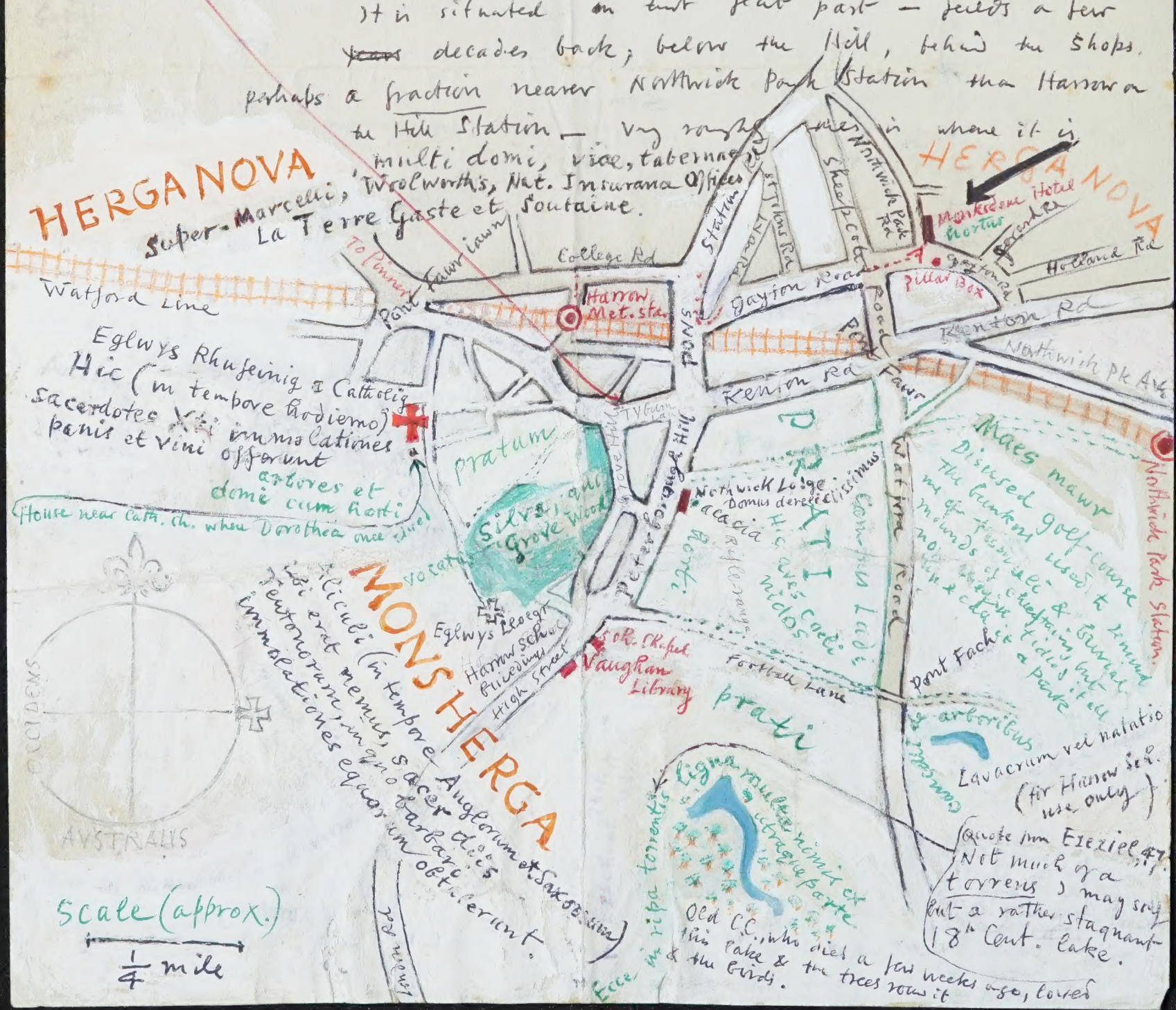
Well, I've managed, with the help of one or two good friends, to remove myself & junk (sixteen years' accumulated stuff) from my beloved Hish room on the Hill. It was absolutely ghastly trying to sort the stuff out & very, very difficult to find a place — much more difficult than I had anticipated, as I was never very sanguine as to the prospects. I mean of finding a room of reasonable size that I could afford — at all. This place is not an 'hotel' in the ordinary sense — it's about six small suburban houses knocked into one. My doctor had suggested, some years back, that there might be a room here, and, in the end, though various chaps tried to find various places, this turns out to be the only possible one. I feel very peculiar here, as yet, for although it's only about a half mile as the bloody crow flies from Northwick Lodge it feels, & is, in a different universe — the whole milieu is quite other.

It is situated on that flat part — fields a few decades back; below the Hill, behind the Shops, perhaps a fraction nearer Northwick Park Station than Harrow & Hill Station — very roughly where it is [illegible] multi domi, vide, tabernacula

'Tyburn Lane' is an interesting survival, is it? Just that — seventy yards or so of road at the bottom of Peterborough Hill. I understand that one of a battle that took place somewhere in this area between the Tyburn, or Marble Arch burn as it is to Tyburn Tree, or near where the latter stream, the Tyburn, rose from marshy ground and meandered about to eventually become confluent with the Thames.

HERGA NOVA

Super-Marcelli, Woolworth's, Nat. Insurance Offices
La Terre Gaste et Soutaine.



But I enjoy trying to remember tiny amount of the words I know. I shall never be able to manage the grammar. It's the same with Welsh. I think there is some carrying over with my styles of mind.

Forgive all the confusions of gender, number & case, & word order, etc in the foregoing sketch map. You'll see I've descended from the heights down onto the maze of suburbia — but there was no help for it. It's not so bad, but it's shame in a way, for it's quite a stek walk from the Hindhead things than was Miss Northwicke's. and, unfortunately, it's a devil of a way to Church. Harman & Margaret came last Thursday, St Swithin's Day, & took me out to dinner at the King's Head. It was terribly nice seeing them again. They did not think the room at all bad considering the great difficulty of getting anything at all nowadays. I phoned them and sunday or Monday & mentioned the news of your misadventure in Ballycotton Bay & they were very alarmed, but I phoned them again as soon as I got yr letter, to say that you were back quite safe. So glad Rosalind is happy with the Welsh family and the horses. Give her my love. I'm still terribly tired, but- been like that- ever since I left Northwicke Lodge. But- I've dozens of letters main to America about the works — especially The Ana, to try & answer. and I find it next to impossible to do so. But- it's gratifying that chaps like it, & largely members of the Society of Jesus or their pubs — they have things they call 'seminars' about it. In fact almost every American who writes to me talks sooner or later about a seminar.

Walter Oakeshott has told me that there is going to be a special exhibition of Eric's work at Chichester in the Summer & I've said I'd try & lend my drawing of him to end it for the show. Walter looks awfully well and I very much enjoyed his visit, he was much more easy to talk to than he used sometimes to be. I even summoned up enough courage to ask him about a Latin thing I wanted to know & he told me exactly and without making me feel a tedious creature. I wanted it for an ordination card that I'm going to try to do for a friend of mine. I'm not done it's grati/ying that chaps like it, largely members of the Society of Jesus or their pubs — they have things they call 'seminars' about it. In fact almost every American who writes to me talks sooner or later about a seminar.

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Yes, Kinnoeith has a very Welsh sound — it would be pronounced Cinnoeith, thank you very much. It's a bit hard, I think, for Welsh people to get their tongues round — noeith. I read Kinnoeith, Kaernarvon, etc. & was interested to see that Kilhwch, Kaernarvon, etc. & was interested to see that Kilhwch was used, i.e. it appears entirely as a material accident. Well, it appears entirely as a material accident. Well, it appears entirely as a material accident. Well,

an inscription for ages because of my eyes. But they seem neither better nor worse, so I thought I'd have a crack at this inscription as the chap specially wants me to do it if I can as he's a really nice bloke & I would like to do it for him if I can.

Would you Adam-believe-it, some chap in Hampstead is going with Anna (her elder girl) & wants to produce The Shewolf of the Meares in 'Fringe theatre'. She is exhibiting at Lime Grove & I can't begin to conceive what his idea is, but I suppose I shall have to answer his letter. Yes, Irish stuff in English seem to work somehow. How are you 'Old Irish' lessons at Cork going? I never think of Cork without thinking of old Joyce's remark to that poet (half Russian) whose name I've forgotten about the engraving of Cork on Joyce's wall in Paris: "And what should the City of Cork be in, but a cork frame?"

Lord! Just remembered it's my sister's birthday and I've not written to her - I think it's the 28th or the 29th. I must ring her up on the evening it is really.

Have done that. It's the 29th after all. She is fairly well, but has not been too good recently.

My last couple of weeks at Northwich locks were rather amusing. I was there all by myself - & rather liked it. Felt a bit like a custodian in a high tower, and no one but other one... But as the back part of the house on the ground floor has innumerable half-broken down entries, chairs of some description, old tramps or lovers, used to come in, but there was nothing there at first. But I put a padlock on the door that led down into the deserted kitchens & lower regions & I did not particularly want chairs wandering about the house upstairs.

The reason why I was there for a few weeks alone was that Mr Carlile's son & his wife decided that it was impossible to run the place so they took a house at Runcorn & were going to take the old man with them, but he got worse in February & had to go to a hospital for mind or else senile cases, where he died after a few weeks. Well, I only knew of the move at the end of January & they wanted to get out early in March which was far too quick for my things. Both Welsh Harry & Maurice Balme (or rather a very nice chap, Maurice Balme, a Classics master did it for me. He & his wife Sarah live almost next door to Northwich Lodge & have both been very kind to me. I like them both very much. They have

Maurice is away at present, so I was all the more glad to stay on until early in April. Have had many many thanks for her letter - which, as I have said, was a most adventurous one in the matter. Miller Lane & came here immediately after Easter. Must stir myself to do some work on the old drama. Have not been too well - she has been having asthma & Northwich Lodge, for Valerie & her husband who did not both too well - some finicky for a few weeks to get Jack Carlile's son Christopher, Head of Education in the Maldives. Miss Power